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FROM THE RISING TO THE SETTING SUN.¹

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The novelty of an Oriental Museum in America.—The influence of the East through biblical literature on the West.—No distinctions in the forum of science between life and death.—The philanthropy of true science.—It brings the ages near unto each other.—The Semite's important rôle in history.—His modern position.—The necessity of studying his literature in order to understand our own religion.—Rabbinical literature and its importance.—The traces of the East in modern thought and institutions.—The Semite as the go-between.—The Semite as the apostle of religion.—The aims and methods of the science of religion.—Scientific research helpful not harmful to true religion.—The true prophet revives. The museum's opportunity.

WERE from his grave to arise today and come into the midst of us the old Maccabean bard, his triumphant confidence which erst broke forth in joy from his lyre would be framed once more on his lips: **בְּמִזְרָחַ שְׁבִישׁ עַד מִבָּאָר מִזְהָלֵל שֵׁם הָ**. “From the rising of the sun to his setting is glorified the name of the Lord.” Abdallah’s son, too, the prophet whose name is linked five times each day in the Muezzin’s call to prayer with that of the god he preached, might find today among us a strong confirmation of his position that “unto Allah belongeth the morning’s East and the evening’s West.” Even the mind of one ordinarily least given to musing and most inhospitable to the suggestions of fancy, I hold, will have difficulty to resist the poetic force of this occasion’s contrasted associations. An oriental museum dedicated to its great opportunities in this the most occidental of our modern cities! The mute mummy, perhaps when still quick, the subject of a dynasty neighboring history’s uncertain issue from fable’s mysterious dusk, perhaps one of the priestly choir chanting Ra’s morning greeting, destined now to stimulate the

¹Address delivered at the dedication of Haskell Oriental Museum, The University of Chicago, Thursday, July 2, 1896.

scholarly curiosity of the sinking sun's children and aroused from its swathed sleep while the fury and fanaticism of the latest controversy in modern finance rolls along our stretching prairie to the furthest coast lands of the Pacific! Five decades ago, he who would have foretold that the youngest among the nations would some day pay lover's court to the broken symbols and trinkets saved from the dust of the most ancient, would have met but few credulous ears. America then having according to popular conceit no history of its own, had no concern in historical investigations. Prospect, not retrospect was the Shibboleth of its energy. Even then, philosophic thought had easy task to appreciate that only in a much restricted sense the current epigram about America's freedom from history carried the stamp of truth. With no set of men, however bold and strong, of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did time begin anew. The pioneers who set on the Atlantic their westward sail were heirs of all the ages stretching behind. They brought hither the best that Europe's noblest races owned, Anglo-Saxon grit and Teutonic sense of duty,—a wealth of ideas and ideals spun on a loom the shuttle of which had been thrown by the busy hands of countless generations. With the pilgrims, Jerusalem's deepest thought, if not its speech, found foothold and founded altar on the virgin soil of America. The desire to know more of the message of Judea's prophets and to understand more deeply the book and words of Him of Nazareth stood sponsor over the cradle of the first of our American universities. Harvard and Yale were much more the offspring of the Jordan's bridal union with the swifter currents of the Charles than of the Tiber's love and the Illissos' longing for a new espousal in a new continent. Through the windows of Scripture, the East peeped in upon the West. But as the literature of and primarily for the Jews whatever the crown jewels it displays which no other collection of writings may duplicate, is in itself to a certain measure the mirror of custom and conceit, the reporter of occurrence and circumstance of nations contiguous to its own home, nations that like Egypt and Assyria, like Persia and Macedonia and Rome have affected to very vital degrees the fate of mankind;

through line of psalm or verse of gospel, America, as the whole world before, was brought into closest touch with and often dependency on the far-off dreamlands of the East. To understand then the Bible as one of the most potent factors of our own culture and conduct, we have to turn back to the regions of earth where the sun of our civilization first arose in splendor. If there be skeptic to doubt Jerusalem's hold on America, or cynic to deplore the influence of Judea on the modern world, let him, for the nonce, have his way. The usefulness of this museum is not imperiled by concessions to his prejudice.

In the forum of science the distinctions between life and death have no cogency. Neither have the alternatives between the practically useful and the theoretically interesting. This museum, it would appear, shelters dead remnants of a dead and distant day. Be it so! The vast domain of human life and labor is science's great preserve. They were men who spoke the languages that here we would re-learn; they were men who traced the curious wedges and hieroglyphs that here we would decipher; they were men who drank from this curious bowl or leaned on this oddly curved crook! They were men who wept and thought and loved and hated and hoped and believed. Not merely the man at our elbow, no, he in his grave these hundreds of circling suns is our neighbor. *Homo sum et nihil humani alienum a me puto*, the true man of science cannot but feel that these words of Terence formulate his creed.

The test of civilization after all is philanthropy in its original etymological sense. The science of man is the last but the most important in the historical succession of man's studies. Men were on terms of greatest intimacy with the stars, before they ever dreamt of exploring the depths of their own minds or souls. And still, it is out of the interest in man that every science is born. Astrology, pathfinder to astronomy, is child of the desire to ascertain man's fate. The great technical appliances of our day, laughing to scorn the obstacles of space and time, have reduced in our thought mightily the proportions of the globe, but enlarged correspondingly the boundaries of humanity. We have discovered that in the far-off isles of the Pacific, in the

Arctic and Antarctic circles, in the jungles of Asia, the pampas of South America, in the forests of darkest Africa, our planet is peopled with beings who are our kin and kith. The researches of historical anthropology have done similar service with that of modern technology; for the removal of the barriers between one type of civilization and another, erected by the successive ages has been its work. Under its guidance, we learn, and that frequently to our great surprise, that ages before we were, men dwelled on God's footstool whose life was quivering with the same pathos and stirred by the same passions, whose minds were perplexed by the same fundamental problems as are ours. To engender this sympathy of man with man, overleaping the gaps of the centuries, is one of the purposes and possibilities of a museum like this.

It is certainly both a vast territory and a goodly part of mankind that the studies which center around the objects cased under the museum's roof bring into the focus of our attention. Wherever the original home of the Semite may have been, in the burning stretches of the Arabian desert, along the littoral of Africa, or near the cradle of Mesopotamia's river-godfathers, he has in his wanderings traversed many a mile and built his temporary tents or permanent roofs under many a sky. Nineveh and Babylon, Damascus and Tyre, Jerusalem and Mecca, and to a certain extent Thebes and Memphis testify to his presence on earth. In length of years of activities, he has but few rivals. The fourth millennium probably began for him its rounds when he sent out his hopeful message in the lowly Nazarene's life and love into a waiting world. The numbers he has influenced during his transit across time's stage are taxing the ingenuity of the accountant. Christianity's millions, Islam's hosts are directly under the spell of his word. Nor has he descended into the silence of death. If one of his poets sang: **לֹא הַמְתִים יְהִלְלُו יְהָה וְלֹא כָל יוֹרְדִי דָמוֹת** “Not the dead praise God, nor those that step down into the still region,” he is among those that still living “relate the deed of his God.” With the strength of conservative resistance which is his characteristic dower, he has, while influencing the centuries, neutralized the centuries' dissolving acids. Abraham still tents in yon Sinaitic peninsula. The Soudan and

Abyssinia, Mahdi's or Menelek's armies are certainly modern enough to satisfy the most modern craving for "new" things and "new" curiosities. And they belong to Semitic history.

Moreover Israel is both ancient and modern. The pyramids were young when he was well advanced in years, and the Eiffel Tower looked down upon him still unwithered and in vigor. His literature has become the common possession of mankind; no other book has given echo and assumed form in as many languages as his Bible. Nor did he with its production exhaust his vitality or originality. It is true, his post-biblical writings, as to a certain extent even his biblical, are a great basin into which almost every river of thought has emptied its waters.

Egypt, Phoenicia, Syria, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome in pre-Christian days, scores of other potent waves in the post-Christian centuries; yet Israel's mind made the contributions of his neighbors who often were his masters and tyrants, his own, and recast them into new potencies by the power of his peculiar genius and views. The New Testament is his as much as is the Old. One who is not at home in the thought life of the synagogue in the days when Galilee's hills grew eloquent, cannot apprehend the full original force of the gospel's ethics or trace the fiber in the great apostle's theology. Jewish history is a romance wonderful in its external unfolding as well as in the intensity of the idealism to which the outward occurrences are but a foil. Few appreciate this wonderful life of which Talmud and rabbinic lore are the precipitate. Let us for argument's sake grant the contention so popular in circles that never took the trouble to inspect a single Talmudic book that Talmudism marks a pathological deterioration. Even so, such pathology of human mind as this would be invites profitable study. But is the verdict tenable? In a granary like this, chaff is always mixed with wheat. But there is wheat and great quantity of it in the storehouse of rabbinic erudition. Law, civil and religious, mathematics, botany, philosophy, medicine, poetry, folklore, philology will find therein much valuable material for the history of their own growth, and much will appear under the test to have been a real and permanent contribution to the living

thoughts of the world. Judah's harp found melody again in Andalusia and sounds even now in Poland and Russia. Hebrew is a living tongue now for many of our fellowmen. Schoolmen draw their equipments from the arsenal of Jewish thinkers. Spinoza's thought, to a certain extent one of the creative elements of modern science, is echo largely of Maimonides and Creskas ! To have given rabbinics and Jewish history a place in its temple is one of the distinctive services rendered to the cause of Semitic studies and broad religious tolerance grounded on an intelligent appreciation of differences, and respect for honest convictions, by our own university ; and this welcome and hospitality is all the more signal when it be borne in mind how indifferent and apathetic, not to say hostile, most universities, even in Europe, have been to this great field. The Semite is not dead, nor is the East merely a vast mausoleum. It never has been asleep. Endymion exhaling the stifling fumes of musk—and hypnotized—is indeed not its patron pattern. Neither 'Honya Ham'aggel, the Talmudic Rip Van Winkle, nor the fabled sleepers of Ephesus, whose story is told in so many variations, have typed the eastern mind. The rising sun has impressed the lands and peoples of his setting most deeply.

But, even if the lands of the Morning were mere houses of the dead, let us be reassured, science busy with mummies would still not be bootless. The stream of human passion and action runs on continuously. This newest hour, gaudy butterfly of freedom, young as some would have it, is child in direct line of descent of the remotest day, and carries on its wings the distinctive marks of its antecedent dull chrysalis state. Science has not the prophet's mission. Exegesis, explanation is its main burden. How things came to be what they are, is its sole pre-occupation. Science is always retrospective. During one of the great annual ceremonials in the old temple service, so we are told, the Levitical choristers turning their back on the rising sun, would intone this solemn chant: **אֲבֹתֵינוּ שְׁהִיו בָּמָקוּם הַזֶּה אֲחֹרוֹתָם אֵל** (ח'יכל ופניהם קדמה לשׁיבת ואנו ליה ועינינו ליה Sukkah v, 4.) "Our fathers who were before us in this place, turned their back upon the temple's hall, their eyes eastward to the sun. But we

are unto God, our eyes are unto him." The point of this antithetical controversy expressed in this song may have been directed against Hemerobaptists. But today, no one admitted to the Levitical ministry of both temple and the rising sun of science will hold their respective attitudes to be irreconcilable. Temple points aloft; but knowledge gazes into the past: The rising sun is its magnet. Faith gives direction; knowledge power. The past is the dynamo supplying energy; the future sets the goal which to reach this accumulated and cumulative force must be vitalized. The science which finds home in this museum particularly has shown how close the relations between the Orient and the Occident are to this very hour. No chasm gapes unbridged between the rising sun and his setting. *Ex Oriente Lux* is more than description of physical fact. In the realms of the spirit, too, light goeth forth from the morning's chamber. The Hebrew idiom expresses eternal by the use of the word אֱלֹהִים, "East." Much of the permanent possessions of our culture comes, in very truth, from the East. A glance at the dial of our watch ticking off the day-monarch's westward progress links us to the Assyrian system of counting by sixty and twelve. The primer of the novice in the art of reading takes us back to the inventors of the alphabet. And though the schools with good show of reasoning defend their different theories as to who was the first inventor of independent sound's fixation in single sign, they are agreed that some of the eastern clans, Phœnicians or others, first wrought this wonderful and simple instrument for bodying permanently the mind's or heart's wishes. Kadmos, the eastern man, was indeed the writing master of the world. Art counts among us gifted votaries. Where was her original birth-chamber? In Greece? Ah, no, there she attained her perfect grace, indeed, but thither she came an emigrant from other skies. Assyria or Egypt has a good title to be recognized the homestead of even beauty's first child's infancy. Modern English and German owe many a phrase and idiom to those who sang the shepherd songs of Israel or played at solving riddles in some gateway under the shadow of Carmel, Sinai's thunder sounds through many a decision of our own courts, and Gol-

gotha's sigh has not ceased whispering of peace and pity in our own poetry of consolation. English lyrics would be orphaned without the lyre of the Hebrew bards. The Semite of Semites, Mohammed has not merely imposed his alphabet upon the Aryan Persians; their modern tongue is unintelligible without the knowledge of the idiom in which the Koran is written. And unspeakable Turk, Tartar perhaps in speech, the kindred of Finns and Huns, draws color and ornament for his syllabled gibberish from the Arabian desert's book. Originality has often been disputed to the Semite. He has been characterized as the carrier, the go-between. No doubt, among the parts assigned to him, this rôle occupied no small portion of his time or energy. While such words as *Magazine* and *Tariff* document his activity as an organizer of commerce, Algebra and Elixir and Alchemy witness to his activity in the field of higher things. As a "go-between" both the Jew and the Syrian preserved for the Middle Ages the knowledge of Greek thought and literature. Jew and Syrian, and later the Arab, were the great translators. Many thousand pages might be filled with the names of the Semitic men engaged in interpreting the ideas of Plato and Aristotle and others, and with a catalogue of their works. If the occidental world was so eager to learn of Greece, in the century of the Renaissance, this curiosity to hear the Greek masters talk was to no slight degree the result of the labors of the oriental translators, who had, to the sinking sun, brought the knowledge of his own children, the thinkers of Greece, by the roundabout, circuitous route of Syriac—Hebrew and Arabic—Hebrew—Latin, versions.

If all this be externalities and accidental by-play, eternalities, too, abound, and that of far-reaching import to project into the foreground of attention the vitalizing power of the East in our western life. Religion is among the most potent factors in human civilization by no means the least or last. Whatever the source of its gushing waters, they have coursed through the fields of man, carrying on their leaping waves many a well-freighted bark and driving many a mill's wheel. This stupendous fact invites investigation. To research in this but little visited field the museum will give a new stimulus and for the student it will furnish

the tools. The chemist has his laboratory; the astronomer his observatory; the linguist his library; the modern theologian must have his books indeed—but also his museum. As yet, these “stations of retrospective experimentations” are few. Even in Europe, the provisions for this new study, the glory of our age, are not abundant. Still the comparative *science* of religion, being anxious to vindicate its right to the distinction of a place in the hierarchy of the sciences, cannot perform its charge without the resources of a well-arranged and well-stocked museum. Religion is a large word: There is none larger in human language. And yet many have contrived to compress it into a very small compass. The science of religion is still in its early youth; not more than three decades measure the time since it began to be recognized in the academic household; and at the gates of many a divinity school it is knocking for entrance even now in vain. It is an ambitious young giant, the child of comparative philology and much attached to ethnology, folklore and the study of literature. It would give back to religion its widest scope; it would trace the outlines of God’s architectural plan of the vast Temple of Humanity; descend to the crypt and ascend to the dome, in one word pay heed to every stone or beam which was intended for this vast edifice of thought, feeling and aspiration, contributions to which have come from the poles as well as from the equator—for which we have the one common grand name—religion. It shows God in all the various ways along which men have groped after him; the “unknown God” after whom the weaker races have yearned, who to the stronger men and minds has spoken, not in the fire and not in the flame, but in the still small voice. Ibn Gabirol, singer in Israel’s synagogue, set, as many as eight and a half centuries ago, to rhyme this guiding ambition of our young science when he in his poem, “Kether Malkhuth,” “the Crown of the Kingdom,” breaks forth in the announcement: “All creatures are thy servants and worship thee, O God: **כִּי כָּלָת כָּלָם לְהַגֵּעַ עַדָּךְ**, “for it is the intention of all of them to draw nigh unto thee.” According to our science, over every sanctuary erected by man, on every Mazebehah, however primitive the script, the searching eye may read the inviting inscription to

reverential study: *Introite et hic dii sunt.* "Enter ye, here also dwell the gods," symboling in an imperfect way the great *I Am* of the universe.

Fetishes reflect the universally human aspirations. They are as important to the student of religion as are the snatches of ditties collected at great trouble to the investigator of folklore and language. Science is contingent on the fullest possible collection of facts. It is from the facts that the theory must be abstracted. Both its foes and friends have disputed to religion the right to scientific analysis! The friends fearing that such examination might show the equivalence of all religions have done like Moab of old, forgotten their old enmity against Midian, the sworn adversaries of religion who hold it to be an idle intrigue, a rank imposition, and have made with them common cause against Israel. Calling Balaam to curse, they are doomed to hear him vaticinate blessings. Yea, the science of religion has in so far demonstrated the equivalence of religions, as it has shown all religion to be rooted in a universally human need. But while tracing the growth upward from lowest uncertain manifestations to the higher revelations in answer to this universal outcry of the human soul, it makes clear the vast and essential difference between crude animism or so refined a religion even as was Gautama's and that religion, which set aglow the hilltops of Zion and sent forth its stream of influence over the whole world.

This religion, too, had its history. To read this, its history, is also one of the solicitudes of our science. Literature has canons which apply universally to all productions of the writer's pen. These canons cannot be unscrupled when Pentateuch or apostolic epistle or apocalyptic pseudograph is under the lens. The more the Bible in all its parts is subjected to the process by which Homer or Pindar is forced to give an insight into his age or genius, the more prominently are brought to view the peculiar nature of its contents, and its value for all ages. The fear that criticism will rob religion of its sanctity or revelation of its sanction, is ungrounded. The religion of Isaiah is a fact and a force independent of the questions of the authenticity of the scroll

bearing his name. The martyr history of the Jews, their steadfastness in their faith is proof of the power of the religion which culminated in Micah's definition, **אֶחָדָה קָדָשָׁה בְּשִׁבְעָה** "justice and love," more forcible than any supposedly or really authentic evidence to Samson's prowess and cunning. Every Jew dying with the **שְׁמַעַ יִשְׂרָאֵל** on his lips, finds anew on experience the truth of the thought which the Pentateuchal writer clothed in the Hebrew words. The study of the times and surroundings of Him who summed up all religion in the two great commandments, cannot but heighten the pedestal upon which love and reverence and faith have placed Him, as the "son of man." His religion is, indeed, planted upon a rock *καὶ πύλαι φύλον οὐ κατισχύσανταν αὐτῆς* (Matt. 16:18), and if "the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it," is it at all likely that the foe of darkness, light and knowledge, will unsettle the **דָּרְרוֹת קָדָם** eternal mountains upon which God's throne is erected?

True science is always reverential. She sitteth not in the seat of the scornful. None of her true priests has ever opened the book of nature without feeling the awe of a mystery transcending and underlying all that is, without, if ever he heard them, recalling the words of the psalmist, **הַשְׁבִּים מִסְפָּרִים כָּבוֹד אֱלֹהִים** the heavens intone God's glory. And none has ever in the truly scientific spirit approached the study of traditions endeared by the faith of his infant years or deemed essential in the faith of his neighbor without being impressed, as his researches proceeded, with the certainty that **תּוֹרַת הַתְּמִימָה** God's Thorah, written on parchment or on the tablets of the human heart, is perfect. It was Lessing who first conceived of history as a process of divine education of the human family. As such does the student of religion's history regard the slow but steady guidance from uncertain beginnings upward to fuller light which his documents and monuments attest. Nations, like individuals, reach the truth through different media and from different angles of vision. Some—but these are few—see it, as rabbinical tradition predicates of Moses, through **סְפָקְלָרִיא בְּנֵזְהֶבֶת** a finely ground and single speculum (Leviticus Rabba 1). Others must grope after it; the ray is refracted and refracted over and over

ere it reaches their eye. One sun shines in the sky ; however varied the colors of the spectrum, one light weaves this band of hope. One religion, though spread out into various spectral plates—is fundamental to all religions ; and this *one* religion anticipated by prophet and apostle will be to the end. This consciousness cannot but awaken in the mind of the reverential student of religion's phenomena and history. He will spread abroad his glad vision. If in the right spirit, though in absolute liberty, these studies are pursued, they will bring forth good fruit and help the religious life of our own day to a deeper self-consciousness. Of false prophets, Bible makes mention. The new science of religion has had its own pretended seers. These are responsible for some of the misconceptions and mistrusts with which the air is filled. They claimed to have the power which alone is given unto the true Nabhiim ; they worked havoc, while pretending to impart blessings. In Mohammedan tradition, Museilema is represented as imitating the prophet's benevolent miracles. But while he succeeded in misleading by his attitudes the credulous, the effect of his manipulations was always fatal. The children he pretended to bless, grew bald and fell to stammering. The cisterns he would fill with water dried up altogether, the palm trees which he would rejuvenate died. (*Tabaristanensis Annales* ed. Kosegarten, v. I, p. 154.) He who has the inspiration of the true prophet in science and research does indeed work wonders. He revives the dead to new life.

This museum will be dedicated to this its glorious opportunity. As its treasures grow, its influence will widen and deepen. The cry around us is for freedom, for the breaking of the shackles. The night of a new exodus has come. In the story of the old, as told by the rabbis, while the people scatter to gather gold and silver, Moses, mindful of the promise of his ancestor to Joseph, bids the Nile give up the bones of the dead viceroy, and at his solicitation, the coffin rises from its temporary resting place to go into the new land, a link between yesterday and tomorrow. So would we, as the new exodus is drawing nigh, true to sacred obligations, bid the past rise, the Nile give up its dead, the Euphrates speak once more ; the Jordan sing its

songs of trust and love, for into the new life and liberty of the setting sun must shine the light of Him, whom they of the rising proclaimed as the One whose love embraceth all the worlds and whose kingdom shall be established in righteousness and truth. In that father's house are many mansions. His Pentecostal spirit speaketh many tongues. But in the blended chorus of the ages, sounds one note: "מִמְּזֹרֶת שֶׁמֶשׁ עַד מִבְּאֹר מִתְּלָל שֵׁם ה'" From the rising of the sun to his setting is glorified the name of the Lord."